

When I Was A Boy

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Summary: He looked out towards the ocean, remembering better times, when they were around. But one still has to move on, despite all that has happened in the past. Spoiler for How To Train Your Dragon 3, based off of a quote from an Empire Magazine interview with Dean DeBlois. K for suggestive themes.

When I Was A Boy

The waves of the roaring ocean crashed against the cliffs, showing no signs of letting up. The brisk, salted air flowed throughout the clear day. The sun glistened above the sky, providing warmth and light for those beneath it.

There was not a cloud in sight, nor where there any shadows of winged beasts that would always roam the skies. There was no commotion from the nearby village. No children playing, no adults going about on their daily activities, no sports, no crowds that flooded the stands of those sports, no chief. If anyone else would see the village in its current state, they would have fled for fear of ghosts. There was not a soul in sight.

Then, a man in his thirties approaches the cliff side. He had brown hair, dark green eyes, and visible but still faint wrinkles indicating his age. Dressed in a full armor set, with the helmet held to his side, he stared out into the unbounded ocean. In deep though, reminiscing good, great times. Times where he wasn't limited to only the ground. Times where he felt free, alive, and unstoppable.

But then came an event that no one was expecting and that no one wanted. It was one that would scar the village for many generations to come.

"When I was a boy..." the man said, with a hint of sorrow in his voice, "...there was dragons."

A tear flowed down from his eye and rolled off of his cheek.

"Dragons, of all shapes and sizes, weaknesses and strengths, minds and personalities." He paused for a minute and continued, "Born in the sky and forged in fire. Dragons could do whatever they wanted and go wherever they wanted to go...where no one goes." He abruptly stopped, taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, trying his best to hold back his _man tears_.

He could remember the mighty roar of the dragons, their distinct bodies and sounds and the fact that his village _lived_ in peace with them. All of his favorite _and_ most important moments in his life were because of dragons.

He looked down at the ferocious waves below. Starring, but not looking, not paying attention to his surroundings.

"When I was a boy..." He said quietly, "...there was Toothless."

It was then he broke down, on his knees, tears flowing all across his face and not ceasing for anything. He was heartbroken, hurt, lost, and lonely. He could not find the energy, the will to move forward without _him._ He still had responsibility to attend to in the village, he still had his _human_ friends, he still had his Mother, he still had _his life_. But he felt that nothing could make up for his missing friend, his _best friend_. Nothing in the world, could repay a broken friendship.

An unbreakable bond, was now broken.

A hurricane had just settled upon his head, destroying every part of him, emotionally, mentally, and even physically. What could he do when his best friend, the one he _relied_ on, had gone? What possible motive was there for him to do? Where could he go now? What could he do now?

"It wasn't for the best, bud." He started, "But I know you would want me to do one thing and one thing only: _Move On_." He said as though his friend were right beside him. For him, it _did_ feel like he was right beside him, listening to his whole monologue.

"And I _will_ do that. It was what my _father_ wanted me to do, and it what _you_ want me to do." He then stood up and finally said, "So long, bud. You will _always_ be remembered." before leaving, he put his helmet down and faced it toward the ocean. "Thank you, for everything." he said silently. After a brief pause, he walked away, disappearing into the village he had to address now that what has happened, _happened._

All that could be seen now was the helmet looking out into the ocean. Reflecting the memories of _Toothless_ and _Hiccup_. All their victories and defeats, all their time interacting with one another, all of their happiest and saddest moments. They were all memories now and could not be replaced or reenacted. They would stay with Hiccup until his time had come.

After that, he will be with Toothless, _forever._

End
file.